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THE LOUSIA

AN HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO I.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

Prima Syracoſio, dignata eſt ludere Verſu
Noſtra, nec erubuit Sylvas habitare Thalia;
Cum Canerem Reges et Prælia Cynthius Aurem
Vellit et admonuit——. VIRGIL.

I, who ſo *lately* in my lyric Lays,
Sung to the Praiſe and Glory of R— A——s;
And ſweetly tun'd to Love the melting Line,
With *Ovid*'s Art, and Sappho's Warmth divine;
Said (nobly daring!) "MUSE, *exalt* thy Wings,
"LOVE, and the SONS OF CANVAS, quit for K—gs."
APOLLO, laughing at my Powers of Song,
Cry'd, "PETER PINDAR, prithee hold thy Tongue."
But I, like *Poets, ſelf-ſufficient grown*,
Reply'd, "APOLLO, prithee hold thy *own*."

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY P. BYRNE, No. 108, GRAFTON-STREET.

M.DCC.LXXXVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
60
APR

TO THE READER.

GENTLE READER,

IT is neceſſary to inform thee, that his M——y actually diſcovered, ſome time ago, as he ſat at table, a LOUSE on his plate. The emotion occaſioned by the unexpected appearance of *ſuch* a *gueſt*, can be better *imagined* than *deſcribed*.

AN edict was, in conſequence, paſſed for ſhaving the Cooks and Scullions, and the unfortunate Louſe condemned to DIE.

SUCH is the foundation of the LOUSIAD.—— With what degree of merit the Poem is executed, the *uncritical* as well as the *critical* Reader will decide.

THE *ingenious* AUTHOR, who ought to be allowed to know *ſomewhat* of the matter, hath been

heard *privately* to declare, that in *his* opinion the Batrachomyomachia of Homer, the Secchia Rapita of Taſſoni, the Lutrin of Boileau, the Diſpenſary of Garth, and the Rape of the Lock of Pope, are not to be *compared* to it—and to exclaim at the ſame time, with all the *modeſt aſſurance* of an AUTHOR——

Cedite Scriptores Romani, cedite Graii—
Nil ortum in terris, *Louſiadâ*, melius.

Which, for the ſake of the *mere* Engliſh Reader, is thus beautifully tranſlated:

Roman and Grecian Authors, great and ſmall,
The Author of the LOUSIAD beats you ALL.

——

THE LOUSIAD.

CANTO I.

THE LOUSE, I ſing, that, from ſome head unknown,
Yet born and educated near a throne,
Dropp'd down,—(ſo will'd the dread decrees of Fate,)
With legs wide ſprawling on the M——ch's plate:
Far from the raptures of a WIFE's embrace;
Far from the gambols of a tender RACE,
Whoſe little feet he taught, with care, to tread
Amidſt the wide dominions of the head;

Led

Led them to daily food, with fond delight,
And taught the tiny trav'lers *where* to *bite*.
To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,
When hoſtile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails:
Far from thoſe pleaſing ſcenes, ordain'd to roam,
Like wiſe Ulyſſes, from his native home;
Yet, like that SAGE, tho' forc'd to roam and mourn—
Like *him*, alas! not fated to *return*:
Who, full of rags and glory, ſaw his BOY *
And † WIFE again, and DOG ‡ that dy'd for joy.
Down dropp'd the luckleſs LOUSE, with fear appall'd,
And wept his wife and children, as he ſprawl'd.
Thus, on a promontory's miſty brow,
The POET's eye, with ſorrow, ſaw a Cow
Take leave abrupt of bullocks, goats, and ſheep,
By tumbling headlong down the dizzy ſteep;

* Telemachus.

† Penelope.

‡ Argus, for whoſe hiſtory ſee the Odyſſey.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 60 APR

No

No more to reign a Queen amongſt the cattle,
And urge her rival beaux, the bulls, to battle;
* She fell, rememb'ring, ev'ry roaring lover,
With all her wild *courants* in fields of clover.
Now, on his legs, amidſt a thouſand woes,
The LOUSE, with judge-like gravity aroſe:
He wanted not a *motive* to *intreat* him,
Beſide the *horror*, that the K*** might *eat* him—
The dread of gaſping on the fatal fork,
Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork;
Or drowning 'midſt the ſauce in diſmal dumps,
Was full enough to make him ſtir his ſtumps,
Vain hope! of ſtealing unperceiv'd away!
He might as well have tarried where he lay.
Seen was this LOUSE, as with the Royal brood,
Our hungry K*** amus'd himſelf with food;
Which proves (tho' ſcarce believ'd by one in ten)
That Kings have appetites like common men;
And that, like London Aldermen and Mayor,
They feed on more ſubſtantial ſtuff than *air*.

* ——— moriens dulces reminiſcitur Argos,

VIRG.

Paint,

Paint, heav'nly muſe, the look, the *very* look,
That of the S——n's face, poſſeſſion took,
When firſt he ſaw the LOUSE, in ſolemn ſtate,
Grave as a Spaniard, march acroſs the plate!
Yet, could a LOUSE a Britiſh King ſurprize,
And, like a pair of ſaucers, ſtretch his eyes?
The little tenant of a *mortal* HEAD,
Shake the great RULER of three realms with DREAD?
Good Lord! (as Somebody ſublimely ſings,)
What great effects ariſe from *little things!*
As many a loving ſwain and nymph can tell,
Who, following Nature's law, *have lov'd too well!*

NOT with more *horror*, did his eyes behold,
Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,
When Triumph hung upon his plotting brains,
And dear PREROGATIVE was juſt in chains:
Not with more *horror*, did his eye-balls work
Convulſive on the patriotic Burke,
When guilty of œconomy, the *crime!*
Edmund wide wander'd from the *true ſublime*,
And, cat-like, watchful of the fleſh and fiſh,
Cribb'd from the R-y-l table many a diſh—

Saw

Saw ev'ry ſlice of bread and butter cut,
Each apple told, and number'd ev'ry nut;
And gaug'd (compos'd upon no ſneaking ſcale)
The Monarch's belly like a caſk of ale;
Convinc'd that, in his ſcheme of ſtate-ſalvation,
To *ſtarve* * the PALACE was to *ſave* the NATION:
Not more *aghaſt* he look'd, when 'midſt the courſe,
He tumbled, in a ſtag-chaſe, from his horſe,
Where all his Nobles deem'd their M——ch dead,
But luckily he pitch'd upon his HEAD!

NOT VENISON EATERS at the vaniſh'd FAT,
With ſtomachs wider than a Quaker's hat:

* His M——y was really reduced ſome time ſince to a moſt mortifying dilemma; the apples at dinner-time having been, by too great a liberality to the royal children, *expended*, the K—g ordered a ſupply, but was informed that the BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH would *poſitively allow no more*. Enraged at the unexpected and *unroyal* diſappointment, he furiouſly put his hands in his pocket, took out ſixpence, ſent a PAGE for two penny-worth of pippins, and received the *change*.

Not with more *horror* Mr. Serjeant Pliant
Looks down upon an empty-handed client:
Not with more *horror* ſtares the rural MAID,
By hopes, by fortunetellers, dreams, betray'd,
Who ſees her ticket a *dire blank* ariſe,
Too fondly thought the twenty thouſand prize,
With which the ſimple damſel meant, no doubt,
To bleſs her faithful fav'rite COLIN CLOUT.

NOT with more *horror*, ſtares each lengthen'd feature,
Of ſome fine fluttering, mincing *Petit-maitre*,
When of a wanton chimney-ſweeping wag,
The Beau's white veſtment feels the ſooty bag:
Not with more *horror*, did the Devil look,
When Dunſtan by the noſe the dæmon took,
(As gravely ſay our legendary ſongs)
And led him with a pair of red-hot tongs;
Not Lady Worſley, chaſte as *many* a nun,
Look'd with more *horror* at Sir Richard's fun,
When rais'd on high to view her naked charms,
He held the peeping Captain in his arms;
Like David, that moſt amorous little dragon,
Ogling ſweet Bethſheba without a rag on.

NOT more the great ‡ *SAM HOUSE*, with
horror, ſtar'd,
By mob affronted to the very beard;
Whoſe impudence (enough to damn a jail)
Snatch'd from his waving hand his Fox's tail,
And ſtuff'd it 'midſt his thunders of applauſe,
Full in the centre of Sam's gaping jaws,
That forcing down his patriotic throat,
Of Fox and Freedom ſtopp'd the glorious note.

NOT with more *horror*, BILLY RAMUS * ſtar'd,
When PUFF †, the P—ce's hair-dreſſer appear'd,
Amidſt

‡ In Weſtminſter-Hall, where the *ſenſe* (the Author was juſt about to ſay *nonſenſe*) of the people was to be taken on an election.

* Billy Ramus—emphatically and conſtantly called by His M——y *Billy Ramus*. One of the Pages who ſhaves the S———n, airs his ſhirt, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.

† Puff, his R-y-l H-gh-eſs's hair-dreſſer, who attending him at Windſor, the P—ce, with his uſual good nature, ordered him to dine with the PAGES. The pride of the Pages

Amidſt their eating-room, with dread deſign,
To *ſit* with PAGES, and with PAGES *dine!*
Not with more *horror*, GLOSTER'S DUCHESS ſtar'd,
When (bleſt in Metaphor!) the K*** declar'd,
That not of *all* her *mongrel breed*, *one whelp*
Should in the royal kennel ever *yelp*.

NOT more, that man ſo *ſweet*, ſo *unprepar'd*,
The *gentle* SQUIRE of * LEATHERHEAD, was *ſcar'd*,
When after prayers ſo *good*, and *rare* a ſermon,
He found his FRONT attack'd by Harriet Vernon:

immediately took fire, and a petition was diſpatched to the K— and P—ce, to be relieved from the diſtreſsful circumſtance of dining with a *hair-dreſſer*. The petition was treated with the *proper* contempt, and the Pages commanded to receive Mr. Puff into their meſs, or quit the table. With unſpeakable mortification Mr. Ramus and his brethren *ſubmitted*; but, like the poor Gentoos who have loſt their *Caſt*, have not held up their heads *ſince*.

* Kynaſton is the name of the gentleman aſſailed by this furious Maid of Honour, for his diſapprobation of the lady as an acquaintance for his wife.

Who

Who meant (Thaleſtris-like, diſdaining fear!)
To pour her FOOT, in thunder on his REAR;
Who, in † GOD's houſe, without one grain of grace,
Spit, like a VIXEN, in his WORSHIP's face,
Then ſhook her nails, as ſharp as taylor's ſhears,
That itch'd to ſcrape acquaintance with his ears:
Not Atkinſon ‡ with ſtronger terror ſtarted
(Somewhat afraid, perchance, of being carted)
When Juſtice, a ſly dame, one day thought fit
To pay her ſerious compliments to KIT,
Aſk'd him a few queſtions about *corn*,
And whiſper'd, ſhe believ'd he was *forſworn*,
Then hinted that he probably would find,
That tho' ſhe ſometimes *wink'd*, ſhe was not *blind*.

† Verily in the HOUSE of the LORD, on the Lord's Day, in the year of our Lord 1785, in the village of Leatherhead, in the county of Surry, did this profane *ſalival* aſſault take place on the phiz of Squire Kynaſton, to the diſgrace of his family, the wonder of the parſon, the horror of the clerk, and the ſtupefaction of the congregation.

‡ Mr. Chriſtopher Atkinſon's airing on the pillory is ſufficiently known to the public.

Not more Aſturias' * Princeſs *look'd affright*,
At breakfaſt, when her ſpouſe, the *unpolite*,
Hurl'd, *madly* heedleſs both of time and place,
A cup of boiling coffee in her face;
Becauſe the fair-one eat a butter'd roll,
On which the *ſelfiſh Prince* had fix'd his ſoul.
Not more *aſtoniſh'd* look'd that Prince to find,
His royal father to his face unkind;
Who to the cauſe of injur'd beauty won,
Seiz'd on the proud Proboſcis of his ſon,
(Juſt like a TYGER of the Lybian ſhade,
Whoſe furious claws the helpleſs deer invade,)
And led him, 'till *that* SON its durance freed,
By aſking pardon for the brutal deed;
Led him thrice round the room (the ſtory goes)
Who follow'd with great gravity his noſe,
Reſolv'd at firſt (for Spaniards are *ſtiff* ſtuff)
To aſk *no* pardon, tho' the SNOUT came *off*:

* This quarrel between the Prince of Aſturias and his Princeſs, with the interference of the Spaniſh Monarch, as deſcribed here, is not a poetic fiction, but an abſolute fact, that happened not many months ago.

Not

Not more *aſtoniſh'd* look'd *that* Spaniſh * King,
Whene'er he miſs'd a ſnipe upon the wing:
Not more *aſtoniſh'd* look'd *that* King of Spain,
To ſee his gun-boats blazing on the main;
Nor Doctor Johnſon more, to hear the tale
Of vile Piozzi's marrying Mrs. Thrale;
Nor Doctor Wilſon, child of am'rous folly,
When young Mac Clyſter bore off Kit M'Auley.

WHAT dire emotions ſhook the M——ch's ſoul!
Juſt like two billiard balls his eyes 'gan roll,
Whilſt anger all his royal HEART poſſeſt,
That ſwelling, wildly bump'd againſt his breaſt,
Bounc'd at his ribs with all its might ſo ſtout,
As reſolutely bent on jumping out,

* His Moſt Catholic Majeſty's ſhooting merits are univerſally acknowledged. Though far advanced in years, he is ſtill the admiration of his ſubjects, and the envy of his brother Kings, as a SHOT; and it is well known, that even on thoſe days when the Royal Robes are obliged to be worn, his breeches pockets are ſtuffed with gun flints, ſcrews, hammers, and other implements neceſſary for the deſtruction of ſnipes, partridges, and wild pigs.

T' avenge

T' avenge, with all its powers, the dire diſgrace,
And nobly ſpit in the offender's face.
Thus a large dumpling to its cell confin'd,
(A very apt alluſion to my mind)
Lies ſnug, until the water waxeth hot,
Then buſtles 'midſt the tempeſt of the pot:
In vain!—the lid keeps down the child of dough,
That bouncing, tumbling, ſweating, rolls below.

" O DEAREST partner of my throne!" (he cries,
Lifting to pitying Heav'n his piteous eyes)
" Thou brighteſt gem of G—ge's Royal Houſe,
" Look there, and tell me if that's not a LOUSE!"
The Q—— look'd down, and then exclaim'd,
" Good la!"
And with a ſmile the dappl'd STRANGER ſaw
Each P—ceſs ſtrain'd her lovely neck to ſee,
And with another ſmile exclaim'd, " Good me!"
" O la! Good me! is that all you can ſay?"
(Our gracious M——ch cry'd, with huge diſmay)
" Heav'ns! can a ſilly vacant ſmile take place
" Upon your M——y's and Children's face,
" Whilſt

" Whilſt that vile Louſe (ah! ſoon to be un-
" jointed!)
" Affronts the preſence of the LORD's ANOINT-
" ED?"

DASH'D, as if tax'd with Hell's moſt deadly ſins,
The Q—— and P——ſſes drew in their chins,
Look'd prim, and gave each exclamation o'er,
And very prudent, '*word ſpake never more.*'
Sweet MAIDS! the beauteous boaſt of Britain's
iſle—
Speak—were thoſe peerleſs LIPS forbid to ſmile?
LIPS! that the ſoul of ſimple Nature moves—
Form'd by the bounteous hand of all the LOVES!
LIPS OF DELIGHT! unſtain'd by Satire's gall!
LIPS! that I never *kiſs'd*—and *never ſhall.*

Now, to each trembling Page, as mute's a
mouſe,
The *pious* M——CH cry'd, " Is this *your* Louſe?"
" Ah! Sire," (reply'd each Page with pig-like
whine)
" An't pleaſe your M——y, it is not *mine.*"

"*Not thine?*" (the haſty Monarch cry'd agen)
"What? what? what? what? what? who the
"devil's then?"

Now at this ſad event, the S——n, ſore
Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more;
His *wiſer* Q——n, her gracious ſtomach ſtudying,
Stuck moſt devoutly to the beef and pudding;
For GERMANS are a very *hearty* SORT,
Whether begot in HOG-STYES or a COURT,
Who bear (which ſhews their hearts are not of *ſtone*)
The ills o' *others* better than *their own*.

GRIM TERROR ſeiz'd the ſouls of all the Pages,
Of different ſizes, and of different ages;
Frighten'd about their penſions or their bones,
They on each other gap'd, like Jacob's ſons!

Now to a PAGE, but *which*, we can't determine,
The growling M——ch gave the plate and vermin:
"Watch

" Watch well that blackguard animal, (he cries)
" That ſoon or late, to glut my vengeance, *dies!*
" Watch, like a CAT, that vile marauding
" LOUSE,
" Or G—GE ſhall play the devil in the Houſe.
" Some SPIRIT whiſpers, that to *Cooks* I owe
" The *precious* VISITOR that crawls below;
" By Heav'n! the *whiſp'ring* SPIRIT tells me
" true,
" And ſoon dire vengeance ſhall their locks pur-
" ſue.
" Cooks, ſcourers, ſcullions too, with tails of pig,
" Shall loſe their coxcomb curls, and wear a
" wig."
Thus roar'd the K—G,—not Hercules ſo BIG;
And all the Palace echo'd—" WEAR A WIG!"

FEAR, like an ague, ſtruck the pale-nos'd
Cooks—
And daſh'd the beef and ven'ſon from their looks;
Whilſt from each cheek, OLD PORT withdrew his
RED,
And PITY blubber'd o'er each menac'd head.

BUT lo! the great COOK-MAJOR comes! his eyes,
Fierce as the redd'ning flame that *roaſts and fries;*
His cheeks like BLADDERS, with high paſſion glowing,
Or like a fat DUTCH TRUMPETER's, when *blowing.*
A neat white APRON his huge corps embrac'd,
Tied by two comely ſtrings about his waiſt:
AN APRON! that he purchas'd with his riches,
To guard from hoſtile greaſe, his velvet breeches—
AN APRON! that in Monmouth-ſtreet, high hung,
Oft to the winds with *ſweet deportment* ſwung.

"YE ſons of Dripping, on your MAJOR look!"
(In ſounds of deep-ton'd thunder cry'd the Cook)
"By this white APRON, that no more can hope
"To join the piece in Mr. INKLE's ſhop;
"That oft hath held the beſt of Palace meat,
"And from his forehead, wip'd the briny ſweat;
"I ſwear, *this* HEAD *diſdains* to loſe its locks,
"And *thoſe* that do not, tell them they are
"BLOCKS.

"*Whoſe*

" *Whoſe* head, my Cooks, ſuch vile diſgrace endures!
" Will it be *yours*, or *yours*, or *yours*, or *yours?*
" Ten thouſand crawlers *in that* HEAD *be hatch'd*,
" For ever *itching*, but be never *ſcratch'd*.
" Oh! may the charming perquiſite of greaſe,
" The Mammon of your pocket, ne'er *increaſe*;—
" GREASE! that ſo frequently hath brought you coin,
" From VEAL, PORK, MUTTON, and the GREAT SIR LOIN.
" O brothers of the ſpit, be firm as rocks——
" Lo! to *no* KING on earth I yield theſe locks.
" Few are my hairs *behind*, by age endear'd!—
" But *few* or *many*, they ſhall not be *ſhear'd*.

" SOONER ſhall Madam Swellenberg * the jade
" Yield up her fav'rite perquiſites of trade.
" Give up her ſacred Majeſty's old GOWNS,
" CAPS, PETTICOATS, and APRONS, without FROWNS:

* Miſtreſs of the Robes to Her Majeſty.

" SHE!

" SHE! who for ever ſtudies MISCHIEF—SHE,
" Who ſoon will be as buſy as a bee,
" To get the liberty of locks *enſlav'd*,
" And every harmleſs Cook and Scullion *ſhav'd*;
" SHE, if by chance a BRITISH SERVANT MAID,
" By ſome inſinuating tongue betray'd,
" Induc'd the fair forbidden fruit to taſte,
" Grows, (luckleſs) ſomewhat *bigger in the* WAIST;
" Rants, ſtorms, ſwears, turns the penitent to
" door,
" Grac'd with the pretty names of B—ch and
" W—,
" To range a proſtitute upon the town,
" Or, if the weeping wretch think better, *drown*:
" But, if a GERMAN SPIDER-BRUSHER *fails*,
" Whoſe *Noſe* grows *ſharper*, and whoſe *Shape*
" *tells tales*;
" *Huſh'd* is th' affair!—the Q—, and SHE, *good*
" Dame,
" Both club their wits, to hide the growing ſhame:
" To wed her, get ſome fool—I mean ſome *wiſe*
" *man*;
" Then dub the prudent Cuckold, an *Exciſeman*:
" SHE!

" SHE! who hath got more inſolence and pride,
" God mend her heart! than half the world be-
" ſide:
" SHE! who, of guttling fond, ſtuffs down more
" meat,
" Heav'n help her ſtomach! than ten men can eat!
" *Ten men!* aye, *more* than *ten*, the *hungry* HAG!
" Why, zounds! the WOMAN's Stomach's like a
" BAG:
" SHE! who will ſwell the uproar of the houſe,
" And tell the K—g damn'd lies about the
" LOUSE;
" When probably that Louſe (a vile old trull!)
" Was born and nouriſh'd in her own grey ſcull.

" SOONER the room ſhall buxom NANNY * *quit*,
" Where oft ſhe charms her maſter with her *wit*—
" Tells tales of ev'ry *body*, ev'ry *thing*,
" From honeſt courtiers to the thieves who *ſwing*—
" Waits on her S——n while he reads *Diſpatches*,
" And wiſely *winds* up STATE AFFAIRS or
" WATCHES:

* Buxom Nanny—a female ſervant of the Palace, who *conſtantly* attends the K—g when he reads the diſpatches.

" SOONER

" SOONER the PRINCE (may Heav'n his in-
" come mend!)
" Shall quit his bottle, miſtreſs, and his friend—
" Laugh at the drop on MISERY's languid eye,
" And hear her ſinking voice, without a ſigh:
" Break for the wealth of REALMS his ſacred
" word,
" And let the world write *Coward* on his ſword:
" Sooner ſhall ham from fowl and turkey part!
" And STUFFING leave a calf's or bullock's heart!
" Sooner ſhall toaſted cheeſe take leave of muſ-
" tard!
" And from the codlin tart be torn the cuſtard:
" Sooner theſe hands the glorious haunch ſhall
" ſpoil,
" And all our melted butter turn to oil:
" Sooner our pious K—g, with pious face,
" Sit down to dinner without ſaying grace;
" And ev'ry night, ſalvation pray'rs put forth,
" For Portland, Fox, Burke, Sheridan and North:
" Sooner ſhall faſhion order frogs and ſnails,
" And diſh-clouts ſtick eternal to our tails.
" Let G—GE view MINISTERS with *ſurly* LOOKS,
" *Abuſe* 'em, *kick* 'em—but *revere* his COOKS!"

" WHAT

" WHAT, loſe our locks!" (reply'd the roaſting CREW)
" To Barbers yield 'em?—Damme if we *do!*
" Be *ſhav'd* like *foreign* DOGS, one daily meets,
" Naked and blue, and ſhiv'ring in the ſtreets?
" And from the Palace be *aſham'd* to *range*,
" For fear the world ſhould think we had the
" *mange*;
" By taunting boys made weary of our lives,
" Broad-grinning wh—es, and ridiculing wives!"

" ROUSE, OPPOSITION!" (roar'd a *tipſy* COOK,
With hands a *kimbo*, and bubonic look)
" 'Tis SHE alone, our noble curls can keep—
" Without HER, MINISTERS would fall aſleep:
" 'TIS SHE who makes great men—our FOXES,
—" PITTS,
" And ſharpens, whet-ſtone-like, the NATION'S
" Wits:
" Knocks off your knaves and fools, however great,
" And, broom-like, ſweeps the COBWEBS of the
" STATE:
" Like ſulphur in a caſk, expels *bad air*,
" And makes, like thunder-claps, *foul* weather *fair*;

" Acts like a gun, that fir'd at gather'd ſoot,
" Preſerves the chimney and the houſe to boot:
" Or, like a ſchool-boy's WHIP, that keeps up
" TOPS:
" The ſinking Realm, by FLAGELLATION, props.
" Our M——h muſt not be indulg'd *too far*;
" Beſides! I love a little bit of war.
" Whether to crop our curls, he boaſts a right,
" Or not, I do not care the Louſe's *bite*—
" But then, *no Force-work!* No! *No Force*, by
" Heav'n!
" *COOKS! YEOMEN! SCOURERS!* we will
" not be *driv'n.*
" Try but to force a PIG *againſt his will*,
" Behold! the *ſturdy* GENTLEMAN *ſtands ſtill!*
" Or, perhaps (his pow'r to let the driver know)
" Gallops the *very* road he ſhould not go—
" *No force for me!* the FRENCH, the fawning
" dogs,
" E'en let *them* loſe their *freedom*, and eat frogs—
" Damme! I hate each pale ſoupe-meagre thief—
" Give me my darling LIBERTY and BEEF."
He ſpoke—and from his jaws a lump he ſlid,
And, ſwearing, manful flung to earth the QUID.

Yet

Yet ſwelling PRIDE forbade his tongue to reſt,
Whilſt wild emotions labour'd in his breaſt—
Now ſounds confus'd, his ANGER made him utter,
And when he thought on *ſhaving*, curſes, ſputter.
Such is the ſound (the ſimile's not weak)
Form'd by what mortals, * BUBBLE call, and
SQUEAK,
When 'midſt the FRYING-PAN, in accents ſavage,
The BEEF *ſo ſurly*, quarrels with the CABBAGE,
"Be ſhav'd," a SCULLION loud began to bellow,
Loud as a PARISH BULL, or poor OTHELLO,
Plac'd by that *rogue* IAGO, upon thorns,
With all the horrors of a pair of HORNS;
Loud as th' † EXCISEMAN, ſtruggling for his life,
And panting in a moſt inglorious ſtrife;
When,

* The modeſt Author of the LOUSIAD muſt do himſelf the juſtice to declare here, that his ſimile of the Bubble and Squeak is vaſtly more *natural* and more *ſublime*, than Homer's black pudding on a gridiron, illuſtrating the *motions* and *emotions* of his Hero ULYSSES. (Vid. ODYSSEY.

† This affair happened a few years ſince.—An Exciſeman ſeizing ſome ſmuggled goods belonging to a Princeſs, a relation of the Great Frederick, her HIGHNESS fell upon the poor *Rat*

When, on his face, the *ſmuggling Princeſs* ſprung,
And, cat-like clawing, to his viſage clung.

" Be ſhav'd like *pigs*," rejoin'd the Scullion's mate,
His diſhclout ſhaking, and his POT-crown'd PATE—
" What BARBER dares it, let him watch his NOSE,
" And, curſe me! dread the rage of theſe ten toes."
So ſaying, with an oath to *raiſe* one's hair,
He kick'd with threat'ning foot, the yielding air—
Thus have I ſeen an ASS (baptiz'd a JACK)
Grac'd by a CHIMNEY-SWEEPER on his back,
Prance, ſnort, and fling his heels with liberality,
In Imitation of a HORSE of QUALITY:
" Be ſhav'd!" (an underſtrapper TURNBROCHE cried,
In all the foaming energy of pride)

de Cave, and almoſt ſcratched his eyes out—the Exciſeman made a *formal* complaint to the King, begging to be relieved from the *diſgrace*.—The gallant Monarch returned for anſwer, that he gave up the duties to his Couſin the Princeſs, but could not conceive how the hand of a FAIR LADY could diſhonour the face of an Exciſeman.

" Zounds!

" Zounds! let *us* take his M——y in hand!—
" The K*** ſhall find he lives at *our* command;
" Yes; let him know, with all his wond'rous ſtate,
" His teeth and ſtomach on *our wills* ſhall wait:
" *We rule* the platters, *we command* the ſpit,
" And G***** ſhall have his *meſs* when we think
" fit;
" *Stay* till *ourſelves* ſhall condeſcend to *eat*,
" And then, if *we think proper*, have his *meat*."
Thus, having fed on veniſon *rather courſe*,
A COLT, or CROCODILE, or DISH OF HORSE,
The TARTAR quits his ſmoaky hut with Scorn,
Sounds to the kingdoms of the world his horn;
And treating MONARCHS like his ſlaves or
ſwine,
Informs them, they have *liberty* to *dine*.
" Heav'ns!" (cried a YEOMAN, with much learn-
ing grac'd)—
In *Books* as well as *meat*, a *man* of *taſte*,
Who read with *vaſt* applauſe, the daily NEWS,
And kept a *cloſe* acquaintance with the MUSE;
Conundrum, Rebus, made—Acroſtic, Riddle,
And ſung his dying Sonnets to his Fiddle,
When

When LOVE, with cruel dart, the murd'ring THIEF,
His heart had ſpitted, like a piece of BEEF,
" Are theſe (he ſaid) of KINGS, the whims, and
" jokes?
" Then KINGS can be as *mad* as *common folks*.
" DAME NATURE, when a PRINCE's head ſhe
" makes,
" No more concern, about the *Inſide*, takes,
" Than of the *Inſide* of a Bug's or Bat's,
" A Flea's, a Graſhopper's, a Cur's, a Cat's!
" As careleſs as the ARTIST, *trunks* deſigning,
" About the trifling circumſtance of LINING;
" Whether, of Cumberland he uſe the Plays,
" Miſs Burney's Novels, or Miſs Seward's Lays;
" Or ſacred Dramas of Miſs Hannah More,
" When all the NINE, with little MOSES, ſnore;
" Or good SQUIRE PINDAR's odes, or Wharton's
" ſtick,
" Or Horace Walpole's doubts upon King Dick,
" Who furious drives, at times, his old gooſe-quill,
" On *Strawb'rry*, (Reader!) not the *Aonian Hill*;
" Whether he doom, the ROYAL SPEECH to cling,
" Or *thoſe* of Lords and Commons to the King;

" Where

" Where ONE begs money, and the OTHERS grant
" So *eaſy*, *freely*, *friendly*, *complaiſant*,
" As if the *Caſh* were really all *their own*;
" To purchaſe * *Knick-knacks*, that diſgrace a
" throne.
" Ah, me! did people know what *trifling things*,
" Compoſe thoſe idols of the Earth, call'd *K—s*.
" Thoſe counterparts of that *important fellow*,
" The Childrens' *wonder*—SIGNOR PUNCH-
" INELLO;
" Who ſtruts upon the ſtage his hour away;
" His *outſide*, gold—his *inſide*, rags and hay;
" No more, as God's vicegerents, would they ſhine,
" Nor make the world cut throats for RIGHT
" DIVINE.

" Thoſe LORDS of Earth, at dinner, we have
" ſeen,
" Sunk, by the meereſt trifles, with the ſpleen—

* The Civil Liſt, we are inclined to think, feels deficiencies from *Toys*—For an inſtance we will appeal to Mr. Cumming's Non-deſcript of a Time-piece at the Queen's-Houſe, which coſt nearly two thouſand pounds.—The ſame artiſt is alſo allowed 200*l*. per annum to keep the *Bauble* in repair.

" Oft,

" Oft, for an ill-dreſt egg, have heard them groan,
" And ſeen them quarrel for a mutton bone:
" At ſalt or vinegar, with paſſion, fume,
" And kick dogs, chairs, and pages, round the
" room *.

" ALAS! how often have we heard them *grunt*,
" Whene'er the ruſhing rain hath ſpoil'd a *hunt*!
" Their ſanguine wiſhes croſs'd, their ſpirits clogg'd,
" Mere RIDING DISHCLOUTS, homeward have
" they jogg'd;
" Poor imps! the ſport (with all their pride and
" pow'r)
" Of NATURE's diuretic ſtream—a SHOW'R!
" *This*, we the ACTORS in the *Farce*, *perceive*;
" But *this*, the *diſtant* world will ne'er believe—

* This is partly a picture of the *laſt* reign as well as the PRESENT. The paſſions of George the Second were of the moſt impetuous kind—his hat and his favourite Miniſter, Sir Robert Walpole, were too frequently the foot-balls of his ill-humours—nay, poor Queen Caroline came in for a ſhare of his foot benevolence—but he was a Prince of virtues—ubi plura nitent, non ego *paucis* offendar maculis.

" Who

" Who fancy K—gs to all the *Virtues* born;
" Ne'er by the vulgar ſtorms of PASSION torn;
" But, bleſt with ſouls ſo calm! like Summer ſeas,
" That ſmile to Heav'n, unruffled by a breeze:
" Who think that K—gs on wiſdom always fed,
" Speak *ſentences*, like BACON's brazen HEAD;
" Hear from their lips the *vileſt* nonſenſe fall,
" Yet think ſome HEAVENLY SPIRIT dictates *all*;
" Conceive their bodies of cœleſtial clay,
" And, tho' all *ailment*, *ſacred* from *decay*;
" To nods and ſmiles their *gaping* homage bring,
" And thank their GOD their eyes have ſeen a
" KING!
" Lord! in the circle when our ROYAL MASTER
" Pours out his words as faſt as hail, or faſter,
" To COUNTRY SQUIRES, and *wives* of COUN-
" TRY SQUIRES;
" Like STUCK PIGS, ſtaring, how each Oaf *ad-*
" *mires!*
" Lo! ev'ry ſyllable becomes a GEM!
" And if, by chance, the M——ch *cough*, or *hem*,
" Seiz'd with the ſymptoms of a deep ſurprize,
" Their joints with *rev'rence* tremble, and their
" eyes

" Roll wonder firſt; then, ſhrinking back with
" fear,
" Would *hide* behind the *brains*, were any *there*.
" How taken in this *idle* WORLD by *ſhow!*
" BIRTH, RICHES, are the BAALS to whom we
" bow;
" Preferring (ev'n with ſoul as black as foot)
" A ROGUE on *horſeback*, to a SAINT on *foot*.
" See FRANCE, ſee PORTUGAL, SICILIA, SPAIN,
" And mark the *Deſert* of each DESPOT's brain;
" Whoſe tongues ſhould never treat with taunts,
" a FOOL;
" Who *prove* that *nothing* is too mean to *rule*.
" What could the PRINCE, high tow'ring like a
" ſteeple,
" Without the MAJESTY of *Us* the PEOPLE?
" Go, like the * King of Babylon, to graſs,
" Or wander, like a beggar, with a PASS!
" However *modern* KINGS may COOKS deſpiſe,
" WARRIORS and KINGS were COOKS, or HIS-
" T'RY *lies*——

* Nebuchadnezzar.

" PA-

" PATROCLUS broil'd *beef-ſtakes* to quell his hun-
ger:
" The MIGHTY AGAMEMNON potted CONGER!—
" And Charles of Sweden, 'midſt his guns and
" drums,
" Spread his own bread and butter with his thumbs.
" Be *ſhav'd!*—No!—Sooner, pill'ries, jails, the
" ſtocks,
" Shall pinch this corps, than BARBERS ſnatch
" my locks."
" Well haſt thou ſaid, a SCOWRER bold rejoin'd—
" Damme! I love the man who ſpeaks his mind."
Then in his arms the ORATOR he took,
And ſwore he was an ANGEL of a COOK.
A while he held him with a CORNISH hug;
Then ſeiz'd, with glorious graſp, a PEWTER MUG,
Whoſe ample womb nor cyder held, nor ale,
But nectar, fit for JOVE, and brew'd by THRALE.
" A health to COOKS, (he cry'd, and wav'd the
" pot)
" And he who ſighs for TITLES, is a *ſot*—
" Let DUKES and LORDS the world in *wealth*,
" ſurpaſs—
" Yet many a LION's ſkin conceals an Aſs.

" Lo! this is one amongſt my golden rules,
" To think the GREATEST MEN the GREATEST
" FOOLS:
" The GREAT are judges of an opera ſong—
" And fly a BRITON's, for a EUNUCH's tongue;
" Can ſtarve their families to hear BABINIS,
" *Gaunt* PACCHAROTTIS, *fat-rump'd ſquab* RAUZ-
" ZINIS;
" Thus idly ſquand'ring for a *ſquawl* their riches—
" To *faint* with rapture at thoſe *Cats in Breeches.*
" Accept this truth from *me*, my lads—the man
" Who firſt a SPIT found out, or FRYING-PAN,
" Did ten times more towards the PUBLIC GOOD,
" Than all the *tawdry* TITLES ſince the flood:
" TITLES! that KINGS may grant to ASSES,
" MULES,
" The ſcorn of SAGES, and the boaſt of FOOLS."
He ended—All the COOKS exclaim'd, "*divine!*"
Then whiſper'd one another, 'twas "*damn'd fine!*"
Thus ſpoke the SCOWRER, like a MAN *inſpir'd*,
Whoſe ſpeech, the HEROES of the kitchen, fir'd:
GROOMS, MASTER SCOWRERS, SCULLIONS,
SCULLION'S MATES,
With all the OVERSEERS of knives and plates,

Felt

Felt their brave ſouls, like FRISKY CYDER, work,
Whizzing in oppoſition to the CORK:
Earth's POTENTATES appear'd *ignoble things*,
And COOKS of greater conſequence than KINGS;
Such, is the pow'r of words, where TRUTH unites,
And *ſuch*, the rage that injur'd WORTH excites!
The SCOWRER's ſpeech, indeed, with reaſon, bleſt,
Inflam'd with god-like ardour all the reſt:
Thus if a BARD, Heav'n's vengeful lightning, draw;
The flame ætherial, ſtrikes the kindling ſtraw:
Doors, rafters, beams, owls, weazels, mice, and rats,
And (if unfortunately mouſing) cats;
All feel the wide—devouring fire in turn,
And mingling in one conflagration, burn.

" SONS of the SPIT," the Major cry'd again,
" Your noble ſpeeches prove you bleſt with BRAIN:
" BRAIN! that DAME NATURE gives not *ev'ry* " head,
" But fills the vaſt vacuity with lead!—

" Yet

" Yet, ere for OPPOSITION we prepare,
" And fight the GLORIOUS CAUSE of HEADS of
" HAIR,
" Methinks 'twould be but *decent* to *petition*,
" And tell the K——g, with *firmness*, our CON-
" DITION!
" Soon as our *sad* complaint, he hears us utter,
" His gracious heart may melt away like butter;
" Fair MERCY shine amidst our gloomy house,
" And anger'd M——r forget the LOUSE."

END OF CANTO I.

As many people perſiſt in their incredulity with the reſpect to the attack made by the Barbers on the Heads of the harmleſs Cooks, I ſhall exhibit a Liſt of the unhappy ſufferers:—it is the Palace Liſt, and therefore as authentic as the Gazette.

A true Liſt of the Shaved at Buckingham Houſe.

Two Maſter Cooks	Two Soil-Carriers
Three Yeomen ditto	Two Door-Keepers
Four Grooms	Eight Boys
Three Children	Five Paſtry People
Two Maſter Scourers	Eight Silver Scullery
Six Under Scourers	for *laughing* at the
Six Turnbroaches	Cooks.

In all fifty-one.—A young man, named John Bear, would not ſubmit, and loſt his place.

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